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'Twixt a man and his wisdom let blow my hair,  
The man is beside me, and wisdom's—where ?

The Fenians died and the high Gods die,  
But spring's immortal, and so am I.  
I am young, I am swift, I am fair to see,  
My blood is the sap running new in the tree.  
Shall I not keep men even as I kept  
Oisín free from his falling sept ?  
Who shall deny me, or who gainsay,  
For the world is beginning anew to-day ?  
Youth is glad, for the world is wide ;  
Tarry, O Youth ! Love is here at thy side.

The world is beginning anew to-day ;  
Fire is awake in each clod of clay ;  
The ragweeds know what has never been told  
By the old to the young, or the young to the old.  
The hawthorns tell it in broad daylight ;  
The evening primrose awaits the night,  
Her beautiful secret she shuts in close  
Till the last late bee goes home from the rose.  
And I am the secret, the flower, and the tree ;  
I am Beauty ; O Youth, I have blossomed for thee.

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### THE WEAVER.

I weave life upwards through the grass,  
I weave death downwards through the mould.  
Before the ordered stars I was :  
Before my eyes the flowers pass ;  
The seed, the cup of living gold,  
The bulb, the blossom white and cold.  
All life within my hands I hold,  
All death and change my fingers fold.  
My looms are full, my shuttles fly,  
The weaver and the weft am I.

I keep all secrets ; I disclose  
Wonder of sweetness to the rose.  
I fill the dandelion's stem

With milk ; I give the maidenhair  
A gift not sweet, and ill to bear—  
The gift of weakness. Here I bid  
The lily in the dark be hid  
From all her kin ; and yonder I  
Quicken harsh rue and rosemary.  
Blossom and bud and seed are mine,  
All bear my sigil and my sign,  
They are of me, and I of them.

I weave death downwards through the mould,  
And weave life upwards through the grass.  
And which is best I know not—I—  
Which gift were best to sell or buy  
If life and death were bought or sold.  
Sad hours are lavished, glad hours doled ;  
Buyers and sellers come and pass ;  
Some, warm with love ; and some, acold ;  
Some, with sealed eyes ; and some behold  
Through their own tears, as in a glass,  
Me and my weaving. Black and gold,  
Ash-gray, rose-red—all colors flow  
One with another, to and fro,  
As endlessly my shuttles go.  
I was before the stars began,  
Or God had ever thought of man,  
And with the stars I grow not old.  
I weave life upwards through the grass,  
And weave death downwards through the mould.

NORA HOPPER.